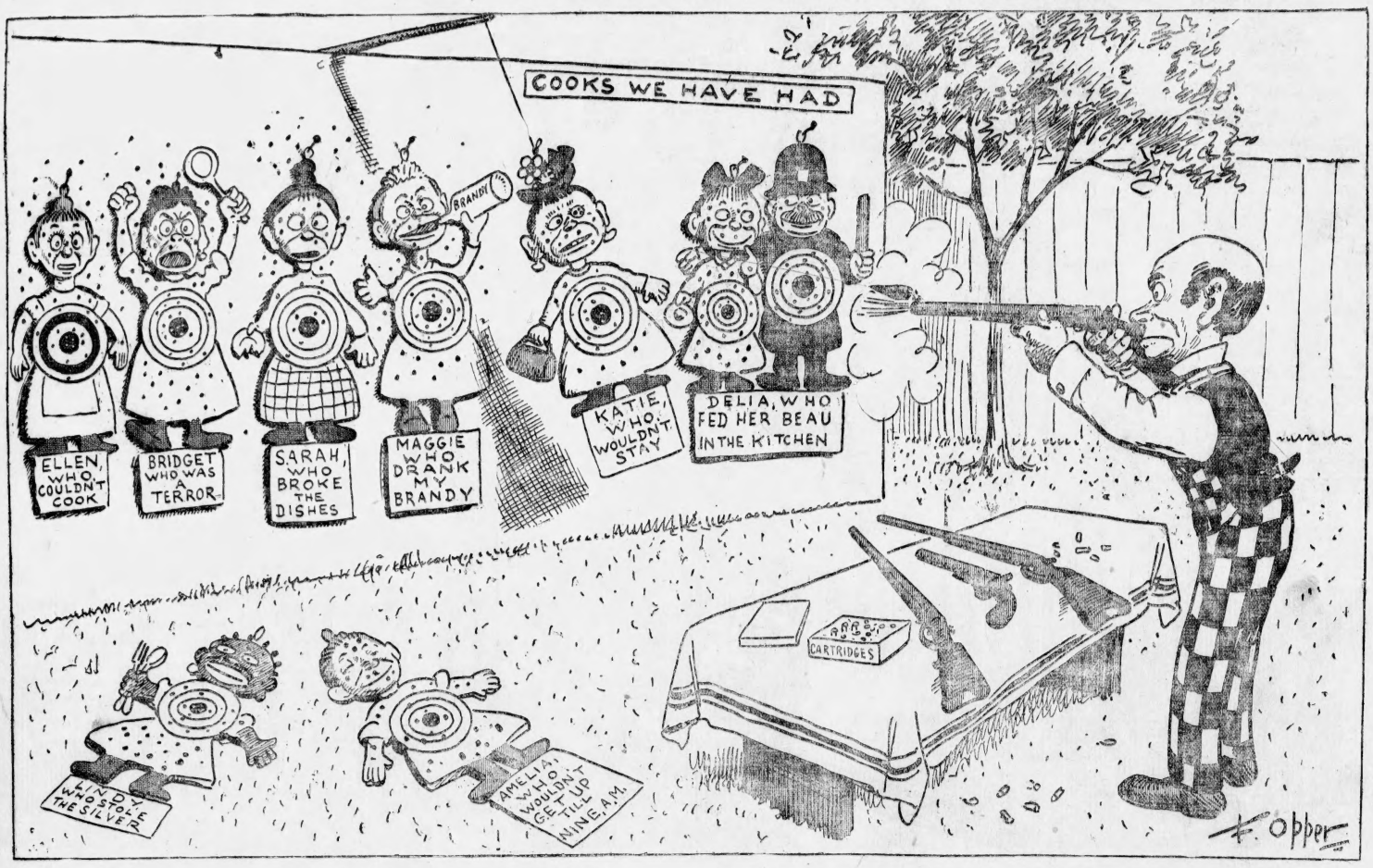
MR. FAMILYMAN'S PRIVATE SHOOTING GALLERY

He Practices Marksmanship and Relieves His Feelings at the Same Time.


COOKS WE HAVE HAD
ELLEN, WHO COULDN'T COOK
BRIDGET WHO WAS A TERROR
SARAH, WHO BROKE THE DISHES
MAGGIE WHO DRANK MY BRANDY
BRANDY
KATIE, WHO WOULDN'T STAY
DELIA, WHO FED HER BEAU IN THE KITCHEN
CARTRIDGES
LIVDYE WHO STOLE THE SILVER
AMELIA, WHO WOULDN'T GET UP TILL NINE A.M.
F. Opper

THE KIND HE HAD.

Miss Mobile—Well, Martha, how is your husband now?

Martha—Po'ly, miss, po'ly. He's got that exclamatory rheumatism.

Miss Mobile—You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Martha. Exclamatory is to cry out.

Martha (with solemn conviction)—That's it, mum; that's it. He don't do nothing but holler.

IN COURT CIRCLES.

He—Oh, yes, when I was in England I was enthusiastically received in court circles.

She (simply)—What was the charge against you?

ONLY ONE.

She—Harry, tell me, do you love me for myself alone?

He—Of course, darling, and I'm so glad to know that you are to come alone. I was a little afraid that your mother might be thrown in as a sore of handicap, you know.

A DOG'S LIFE.

Brown—Yes, Dobbs married a rich wife, but he leads a dog's life.

Smith—Is that so?

Brown—Yes; he doesn't do a blessed thing but lie around the house and go out for an airing between meals.

A HARDSHIP.

Kind Lady—How came you to lose one eye?

Tramp—Lookin' for work.

HIS DISHEARTENING OUTLOOK.

Mrs. Goode—You are the sixth man who has asked me for something to eat to-day.

The Tramp (sadly)—I s'pose so. If de competition in dis life gits any wuss, some of us'll have to go to work.

BLUE.

Richfellow—That Miss Fortescue belongs to the blue bloods, doesn't she?

Rival Belle—Yes, indeed; you ought to see her nose on a cold day.

A POPULAR DEMONSTRATION.

Hamact—Yes, sir. The audience went wild. Why, after the show all the people refused to go home, but stood in the lobby and shouted ——.

Footlites—For their money back?

THEN THEY COULDN'T.

She—Did the Parisians understand your French?

He—Every word, except when I'd start to remonstrate about an exorbitant charge.

HER DEFINITION.

"What is your definition of satire?" "Satire," said Miss Cayenne, "is something that compels you to laugh against your will in order to let it appear that you are not angry."

OH, NO!

Imitation may be the sincerest flattery; but a girl does not think so when she is presented with a paste diamond!

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN

He Performs a Humane Act and Has Trouble to Burn.

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

His Native Politeness and His Hard Luck Still Go Hand in Hand

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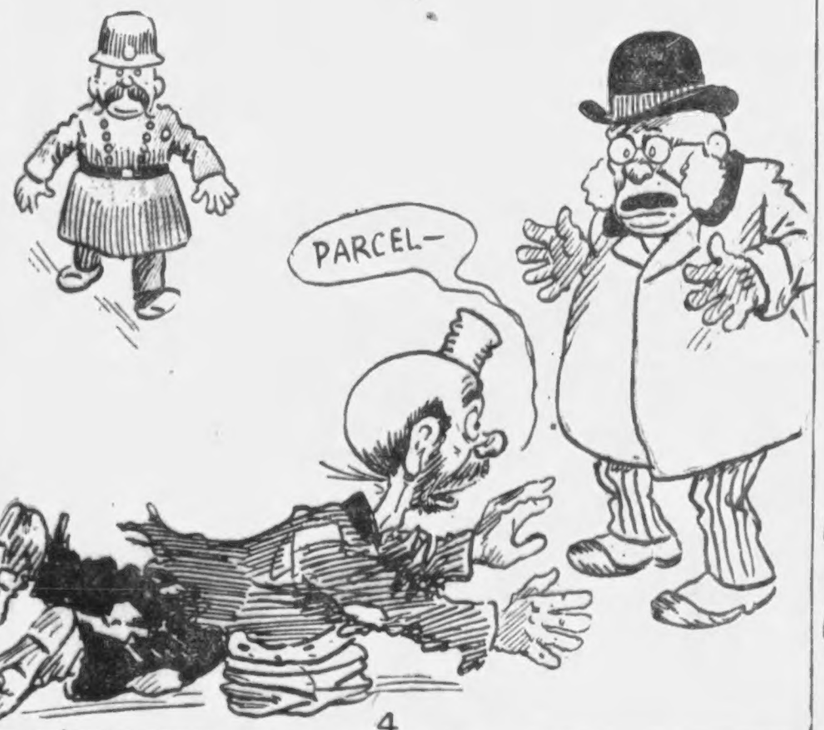

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THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

His Presence of Mind is Again in Evidence—Along with His Hard Luck.

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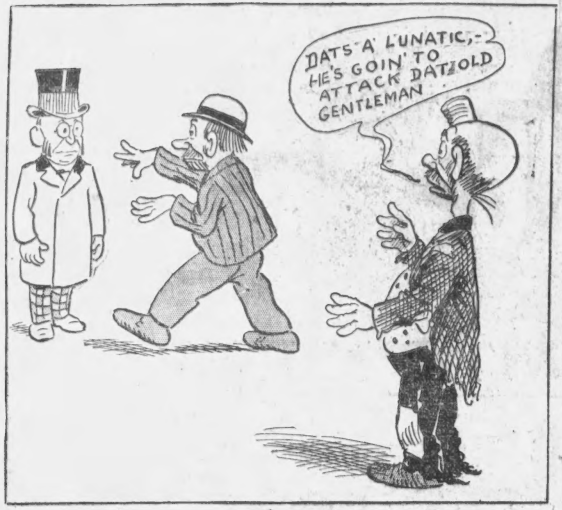

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THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

His Heroism is Simply Astonishing; Also His Hard Luck.

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THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

He is Still Full of Bravery and Heroism—and Hard Luck.

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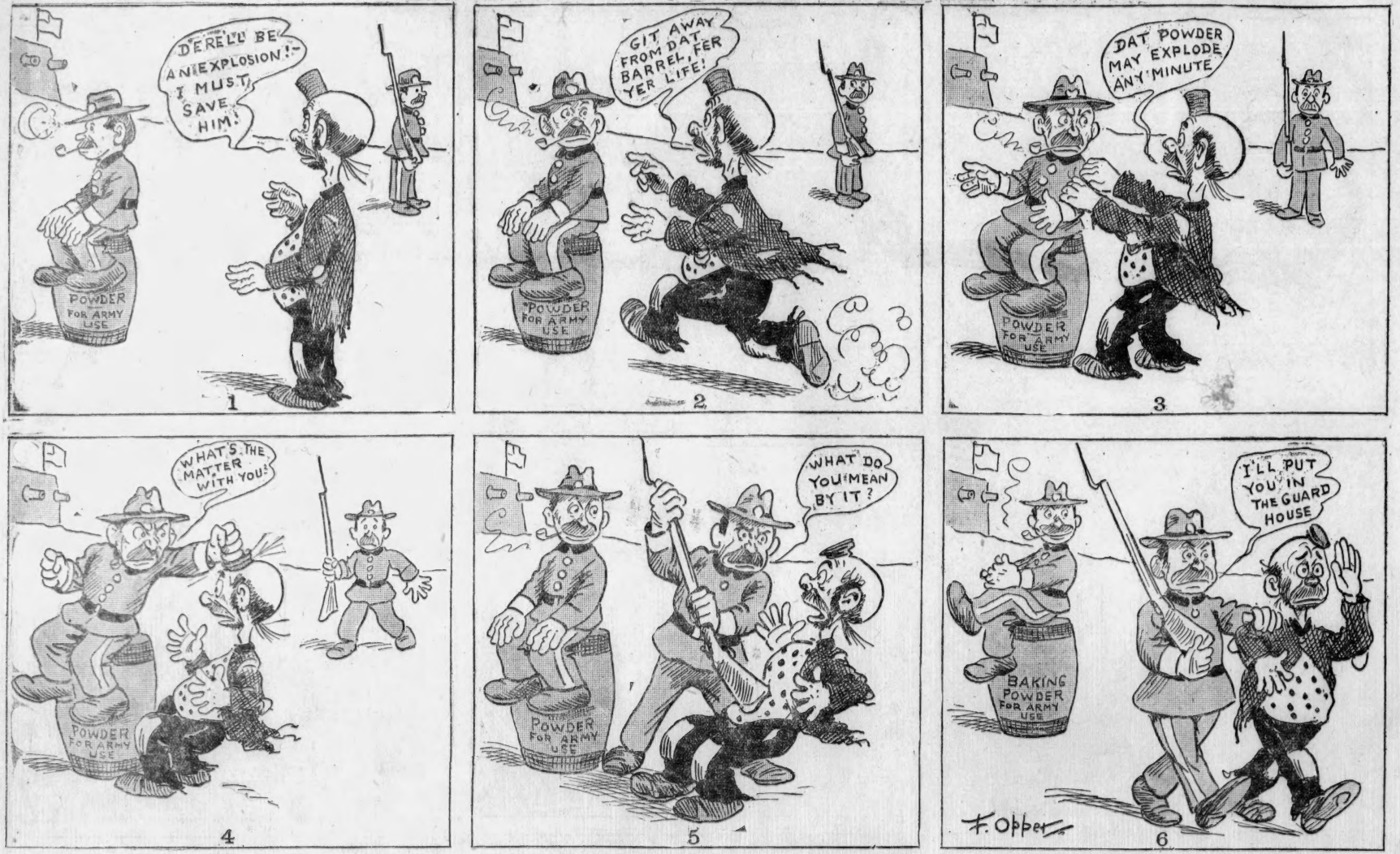

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

He Goes to the Rescue Again; And Has Another Slice of Hard Luck.

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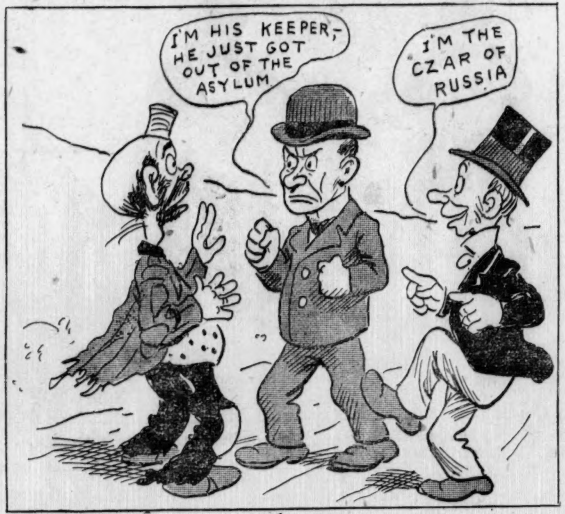

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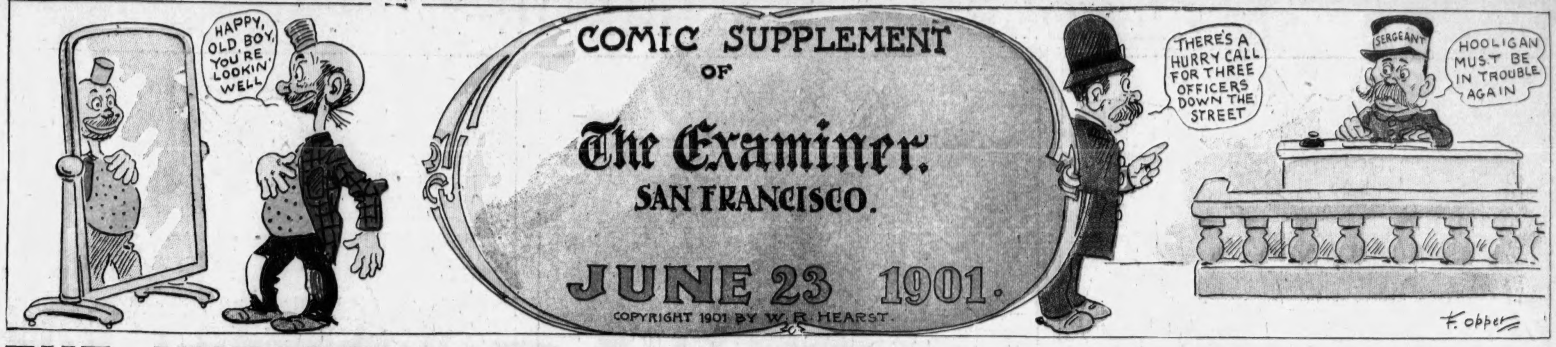

THE UNFORTUNATE GALLANTRY OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

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THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

Between His Helpfulness and His Hard Luck He Has a Lively Fourth.

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WHATCHER GOIN' TO DO WITH IT?
WERE GOIN' UP DE STREET TO SHOOT OFF SOME CRACKERS IN IT
1
I'LL CARRY IT FER YOUSE,— IT'S PRETTY HEAVY
2
WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' WITH THAT BARREL?
3
I'M ONLY CARRYING IT FER DESE KIDS
4
YOU'LL HAVE FUN WITH ME, WILL YOU,
5
THE JUDGE'LL 'TEND TO YOUR CASE
F. Opper
6

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

HE MEETS WITH A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

DAILY PAPER
A YOUNG MAN'S LUCK:
HE FALLS HEIR TO $200000 BY THE WILL OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD HELPED ACROSS A CROWDED STREET
POLICE STATION
F. Opper

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

He Shows Some More Helpfulness—And Opens Another Bundle of Hard Luck.

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BASE BALL GAME To-DAY
DON'T CRY, I'LL LET YOUSE STAND ON MY SHOULDERS AN' SEE IT
I WANTER SEE DE GAME
1
YES, I KIN SEE FOIST RATE
CAN YOUSE SEE NOW?
2
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?
3
SE ALL ME
4
DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE!
5
IF YOU KEEP ON YOU'LL FINISH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR
BASE BALL GAME
I WANTER SEE DE GAME
F. Opper
6

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OF
The Examiner.
SAN FRANCISCO.
JULY 14th 1901.
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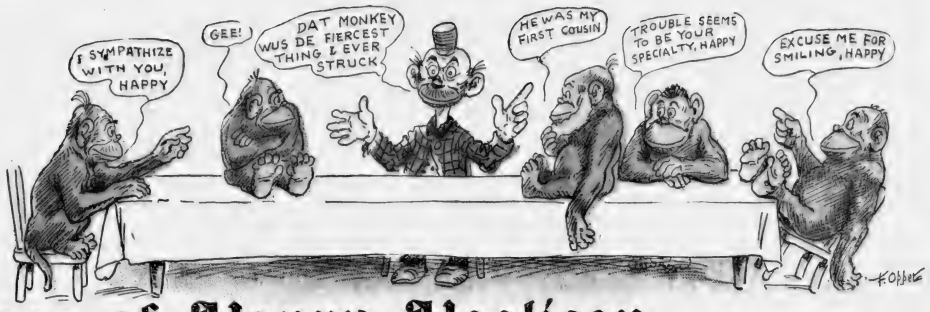
I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU, HAPPY
GEE!
DAT MONKEY WUS DE FIERCEST THING I EVER STRUCK
HE WAS MY FIRST COUSIN
TROUBLE SEEMS TO BE YOUR SPECIALTY, HAPPY
EXCUSE ME FOR SMILING, HAPPY
F. OPPER

The Doings of Happy Hooligan.

He Has a Strenuous Time at the Zoo.

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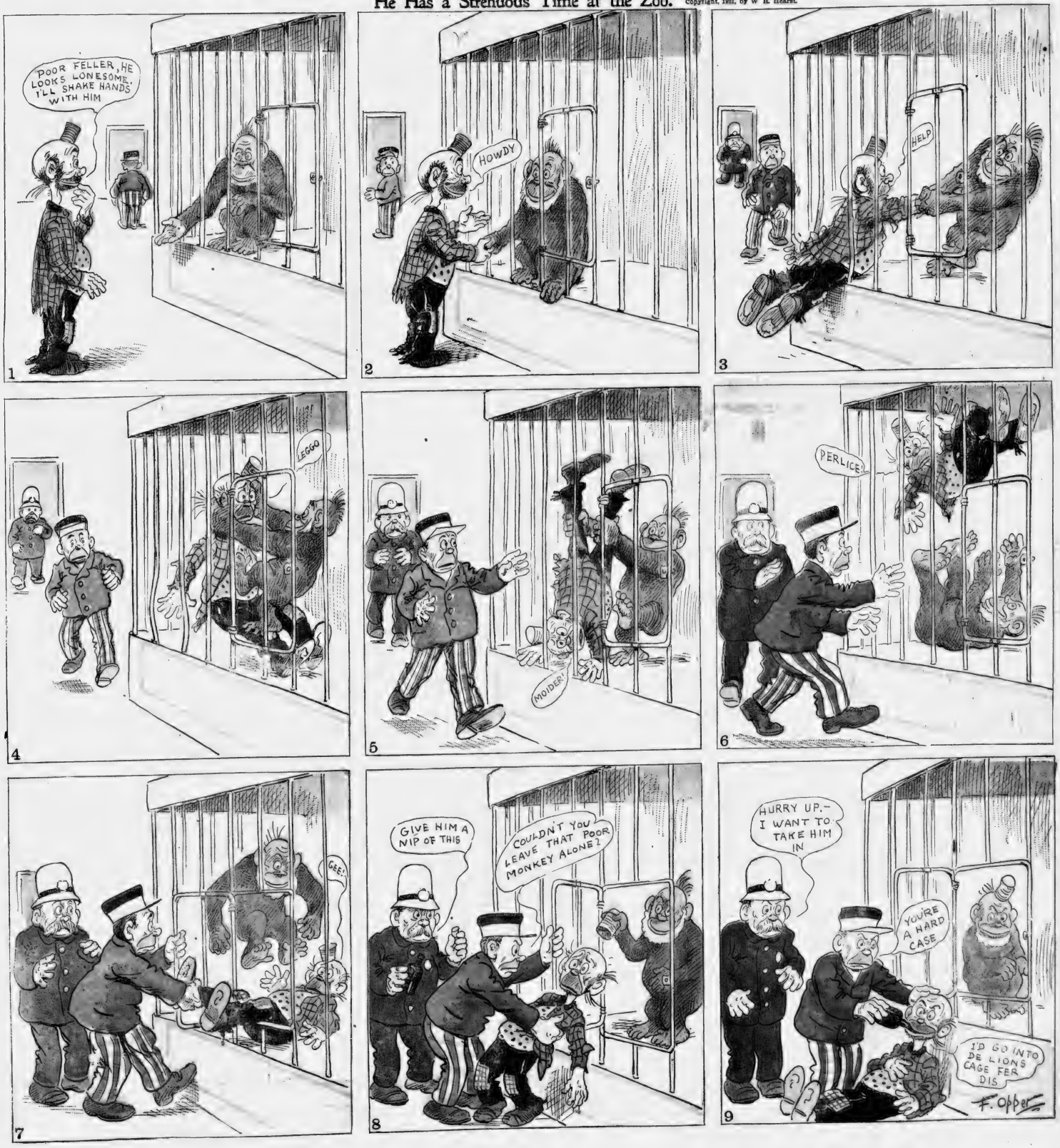

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

He Has Another Large Invoice of Trouble, At the Seaside.

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I WONDER WHATS ON THE OTHER SIDE O' DAT HOLE; I'LL TAKE A LOOK
1
NOW, GENTS, IF YOU HIT HIS HEAD YOU GET TWO CIGARS
HE'S TRYIN TO GIT ME JOB
2
GIMME TWO CIGARS
HIT HIM AGAIN
I'LL SHOW HIM
3
HOW DO YOUSE LIKE DAT?
GIMME TWO MORE CIGARS
I HIT HIM
SO DID I
4
I CAN HIT HIM EVERY TIME
THAT WAS A CORKER
HE'S TAKIN' ME JOB
GWAN, OUT O' THAT
5
NOW, GENTS, THROW THE BALLS
HAPPY, YOU'RE GITTIN' A NATIONAL REPERTATION
F. Opper
6

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The Examiner.
SAN FRANCISCO.

JULY 28th 1901
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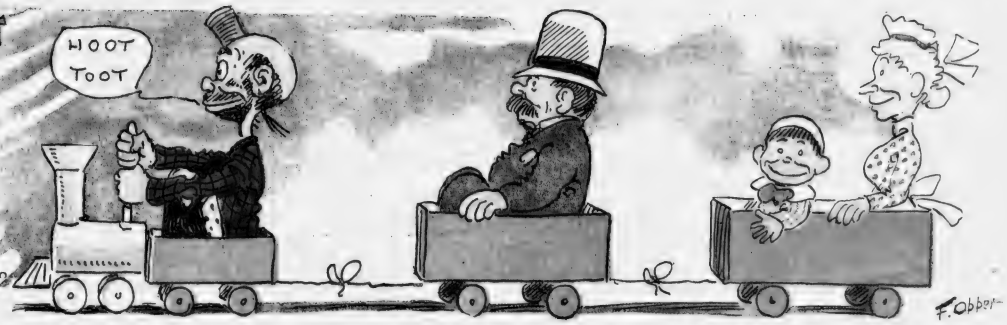

Extra! Happy Hooligan Wins Out!

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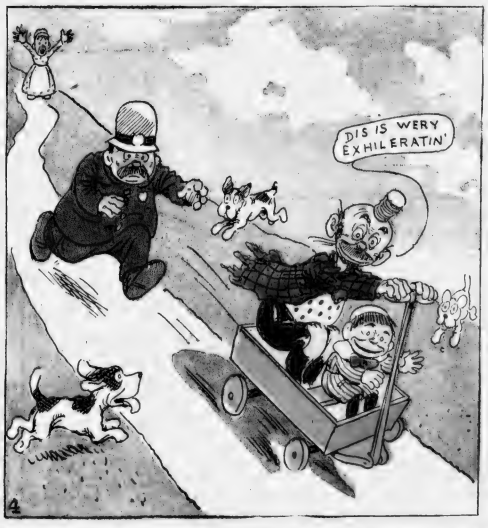

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Some More of Those Same Good Intentions—and That Same Hard Luck.

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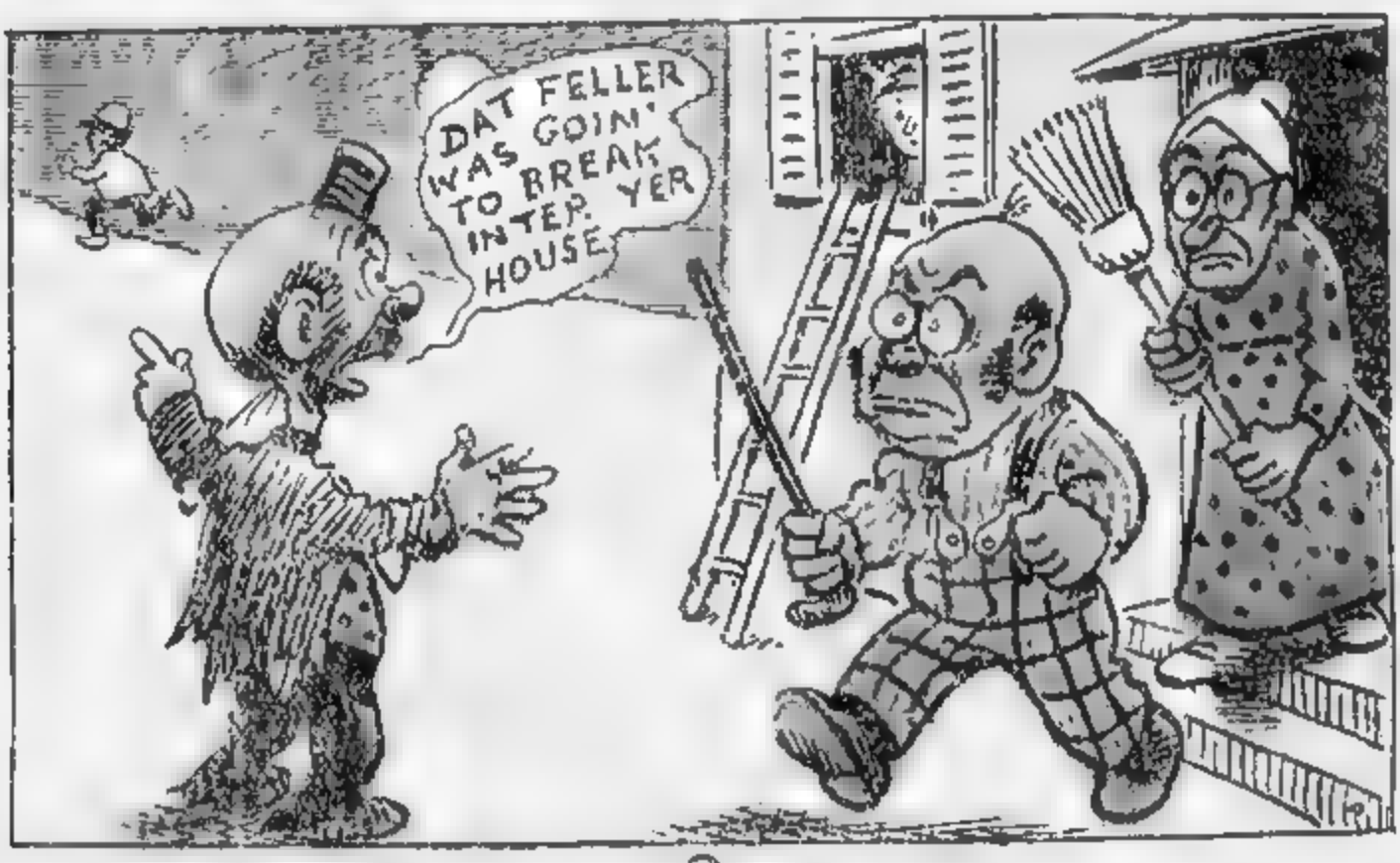

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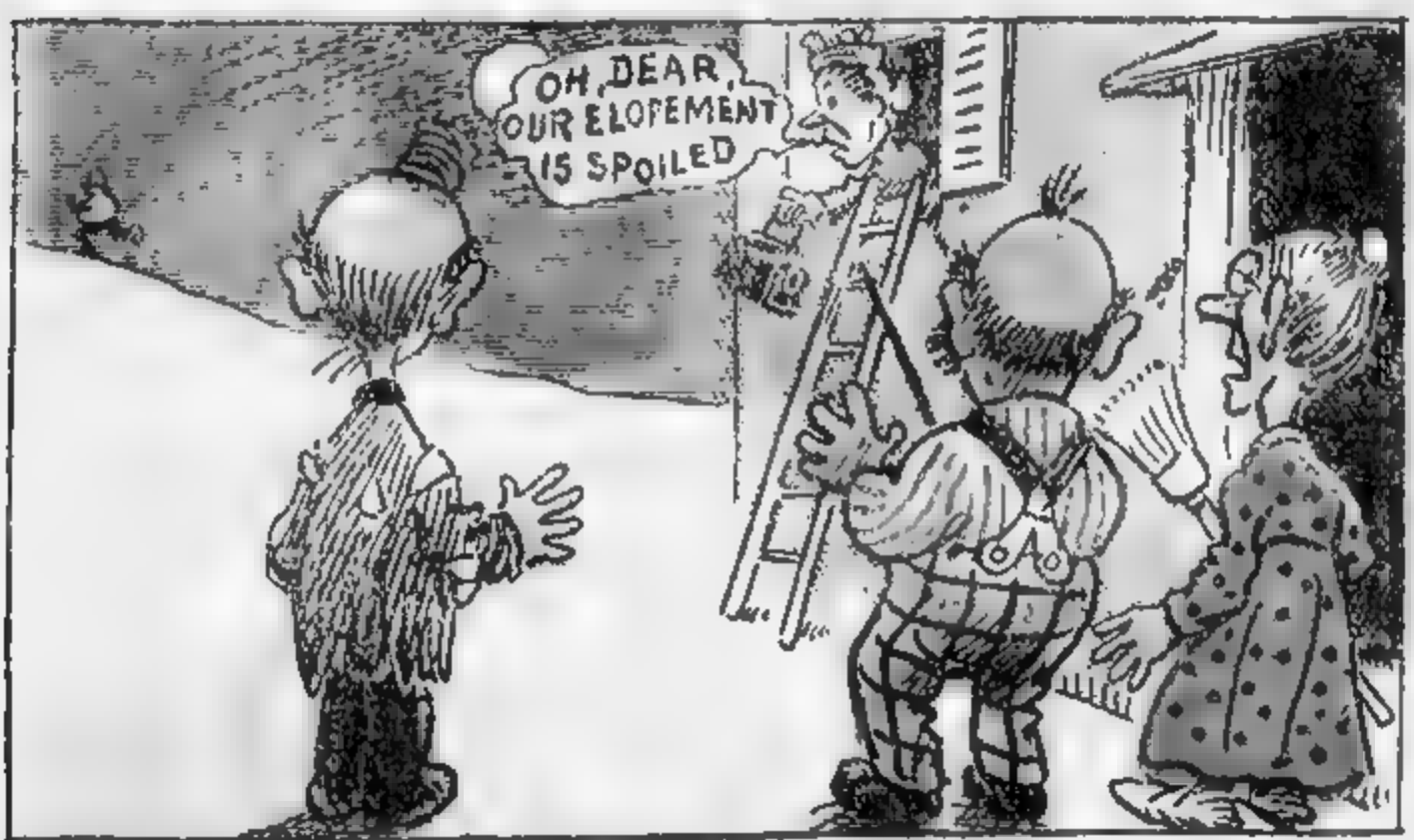

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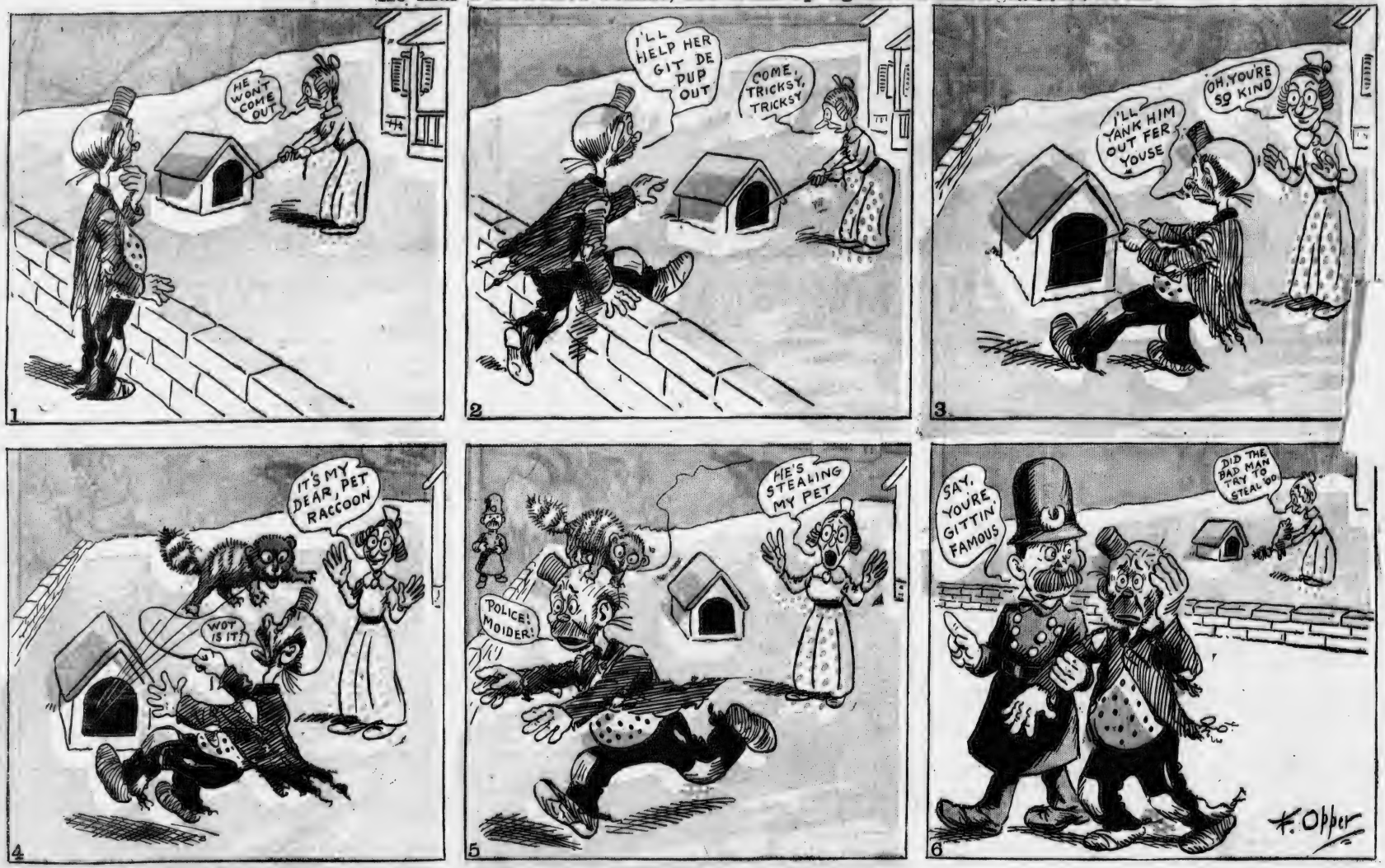
He Aids a Distressed Female, and Runs Up Against It Hard. Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.



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He Holds the Record for Helpfulness, and Hard Luck.

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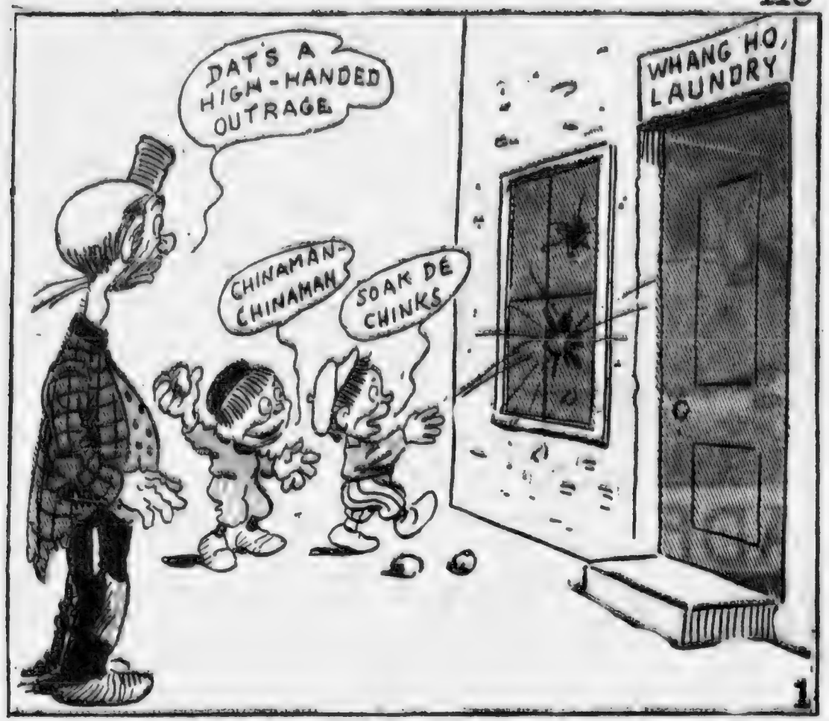

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His Good-Heartedness Never Fails—And His Hard Luck Never Lets Up. Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

He Has Another Six-Round Bout with His Hard Luck; And His Hard Luck Gets the Decision.

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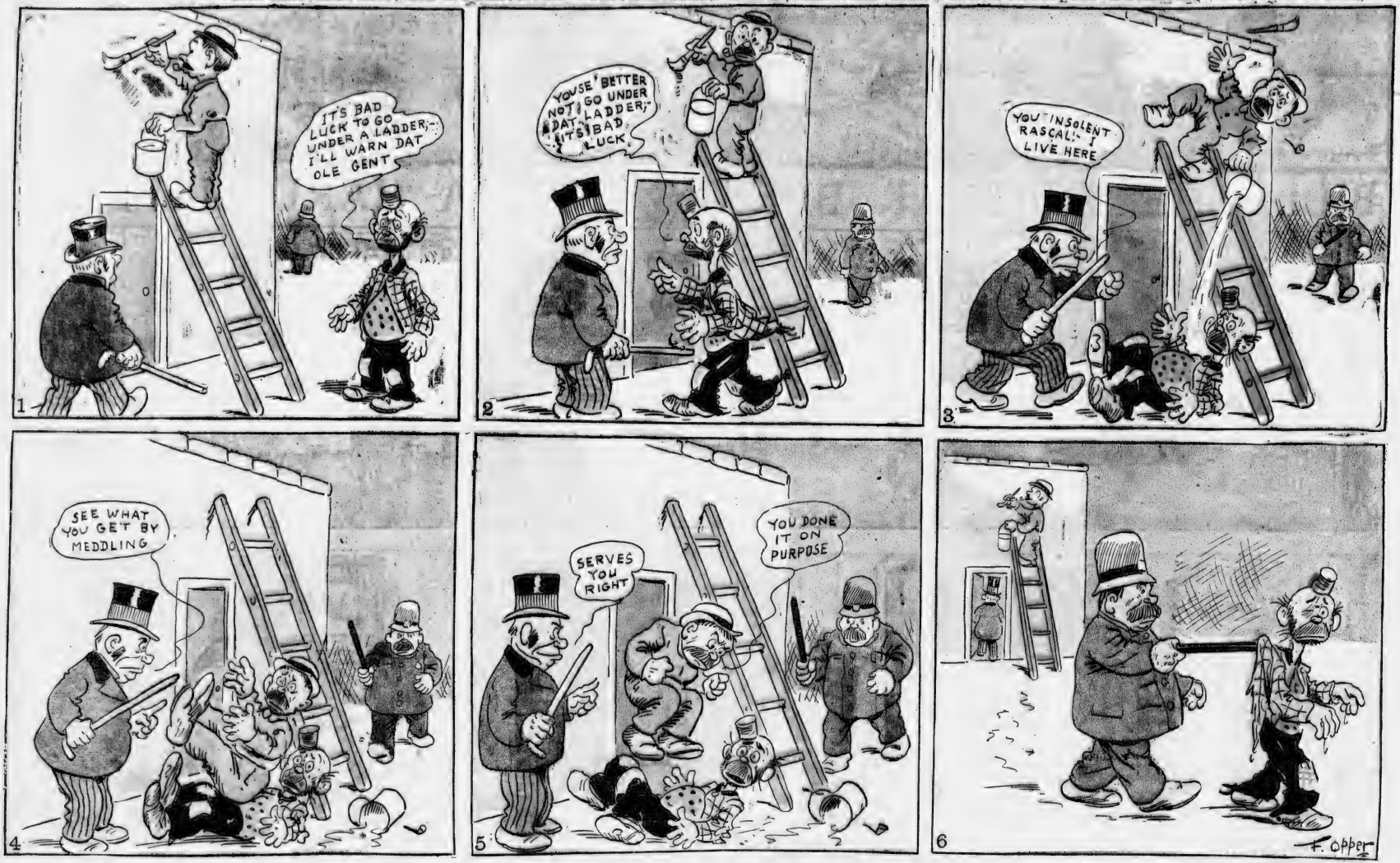

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN

For Goodness Sake, Will That Hard Luck of His Ever Let Up?

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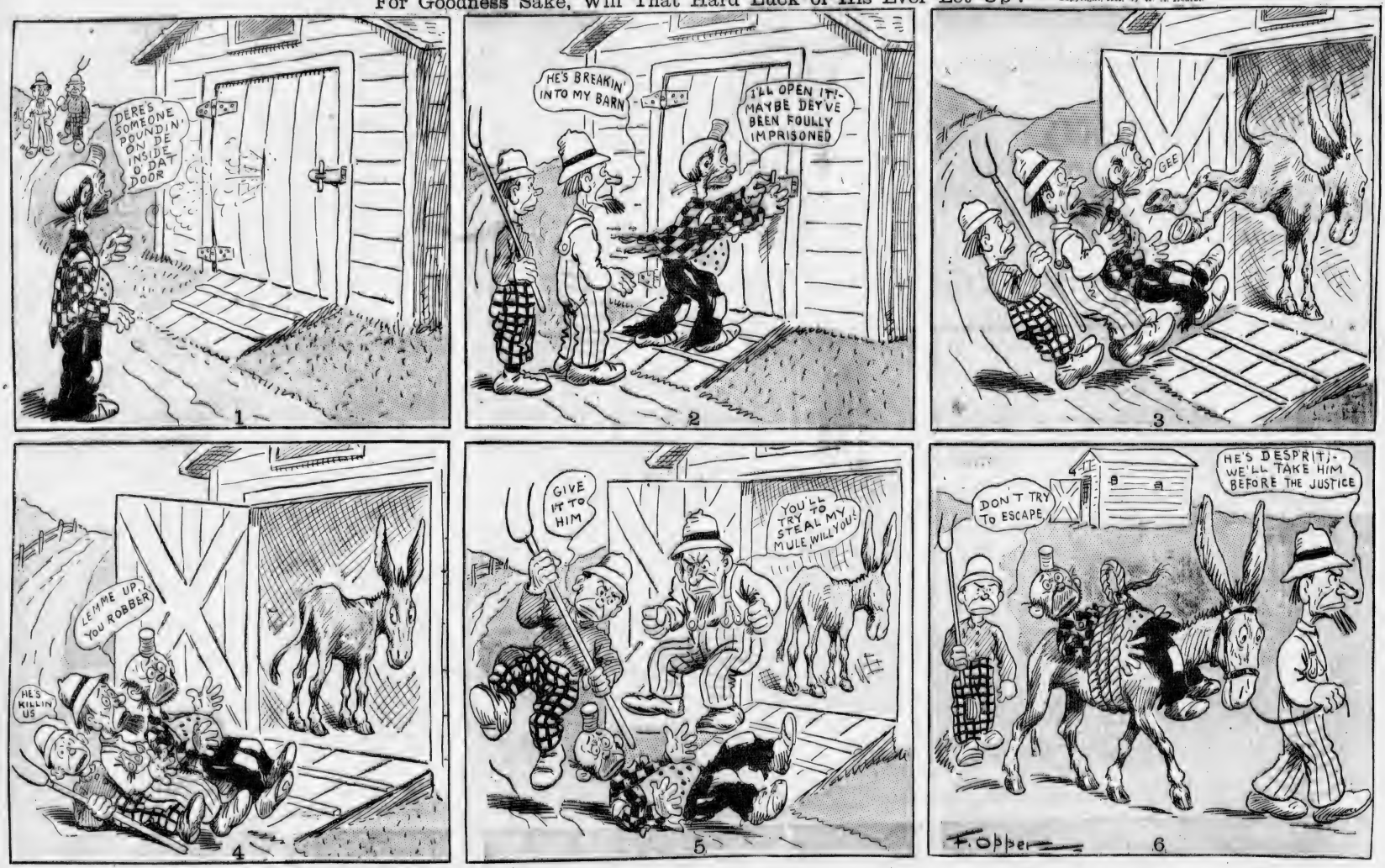

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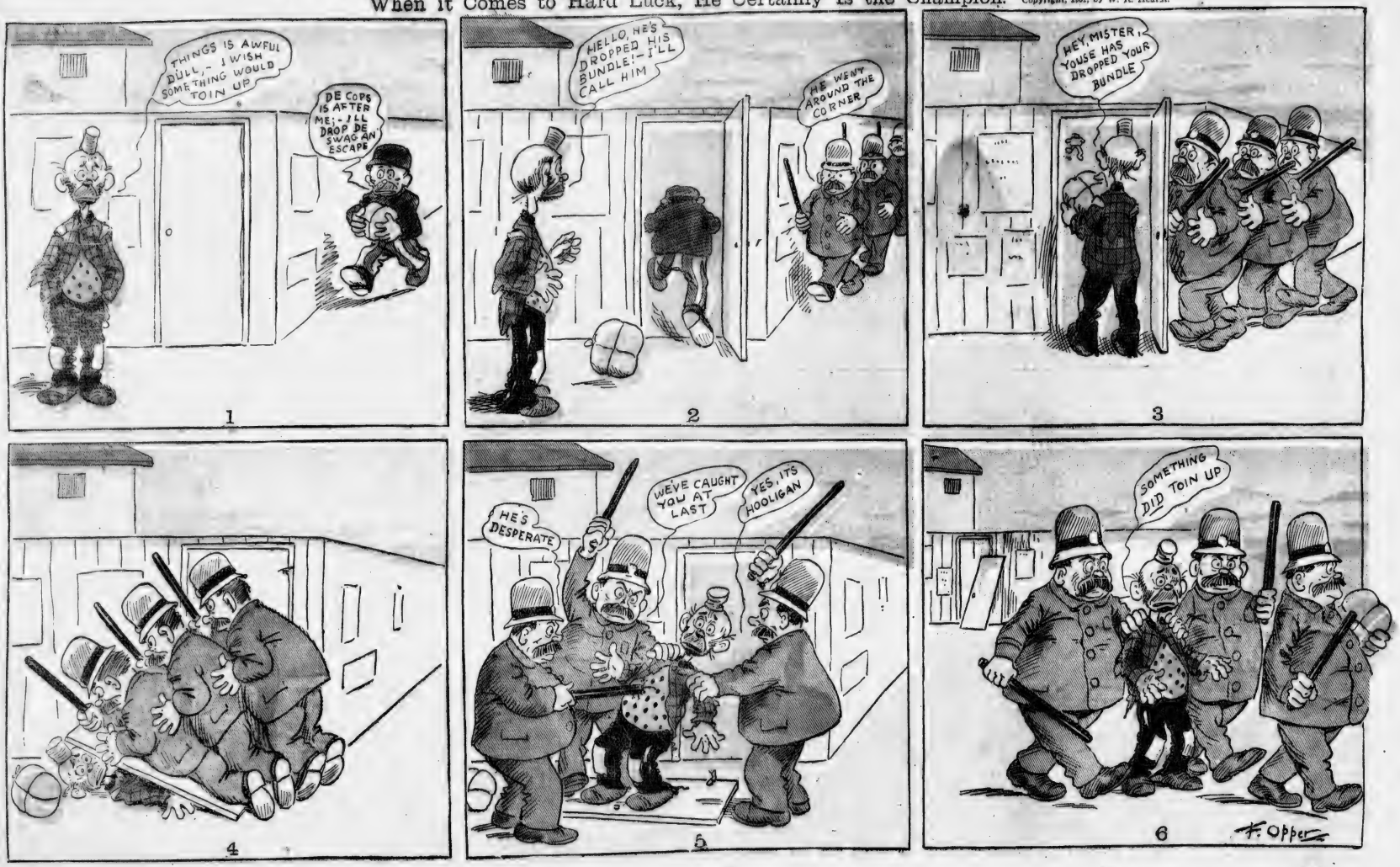
When it Comes to Hard Luck, He Certainly Is the Champion. Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.



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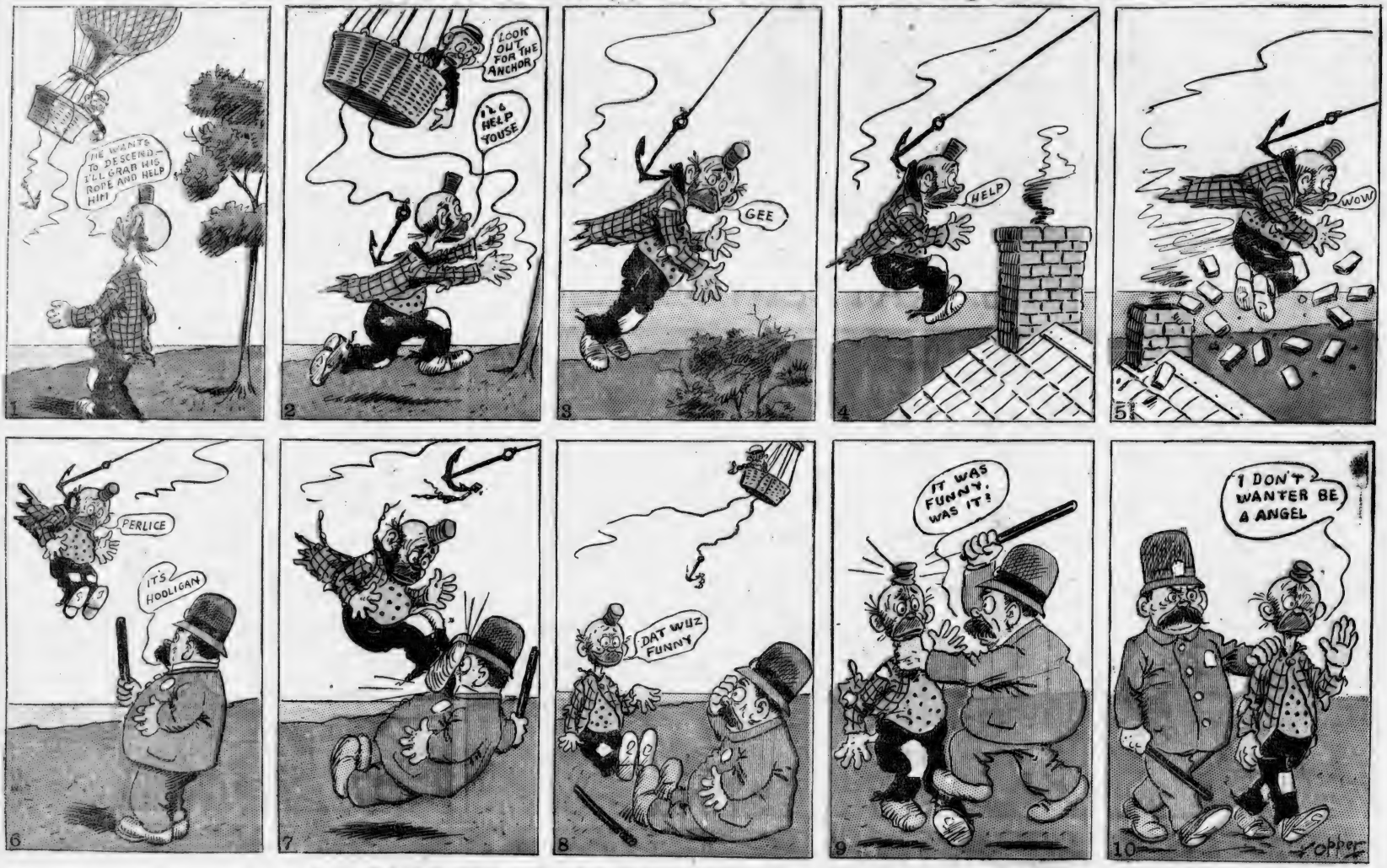
His Hard Luck is Simply—But What's the Use of Talking. Copyright, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.



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He Digs Up Another Large Basketful of Hard Luck.

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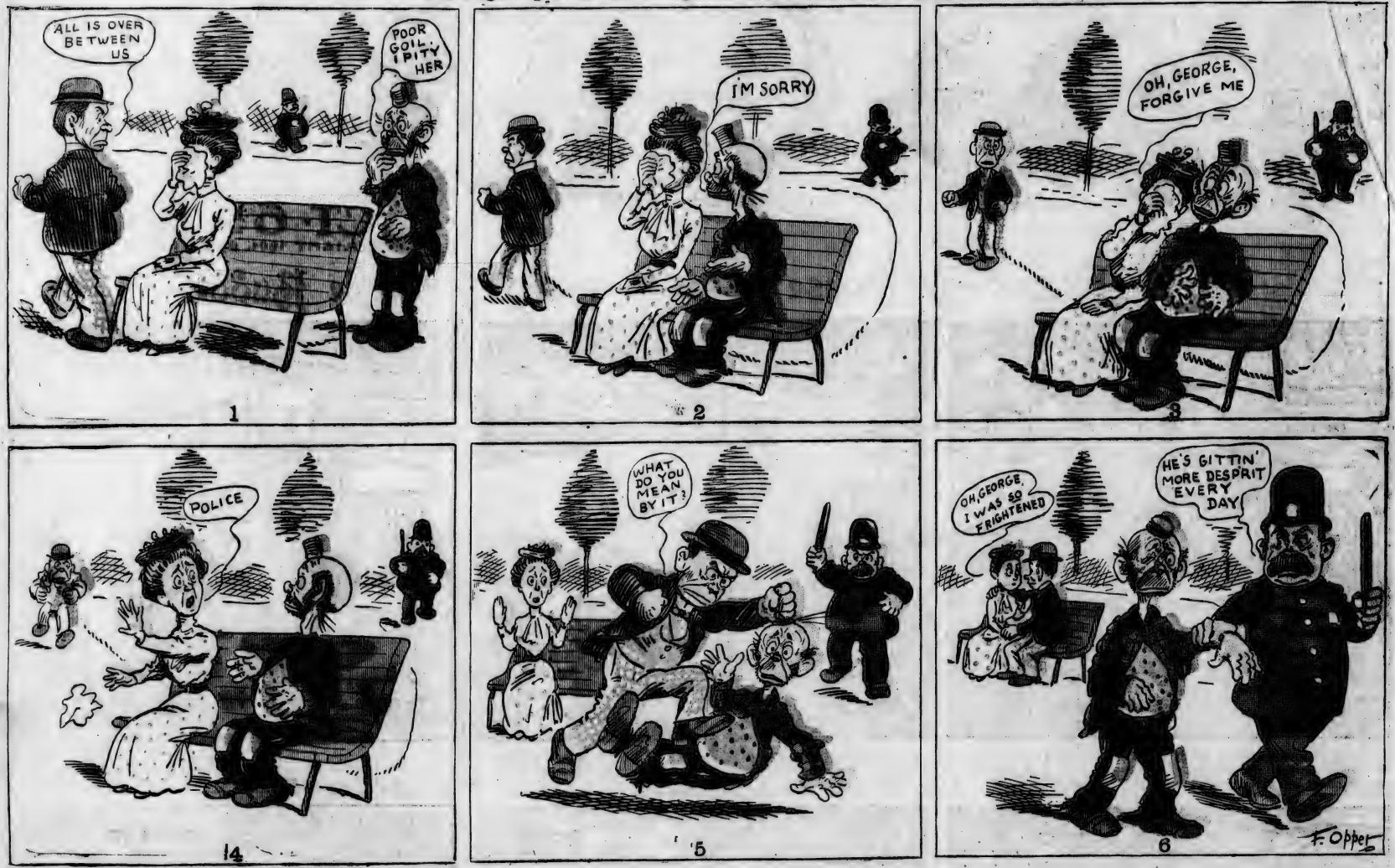

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

He Has Another Bunch of Trouble, But Divides It with His Friend the Cop.

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His Hard Luck Misses Him This Time, and Hits His Friend the Cop.

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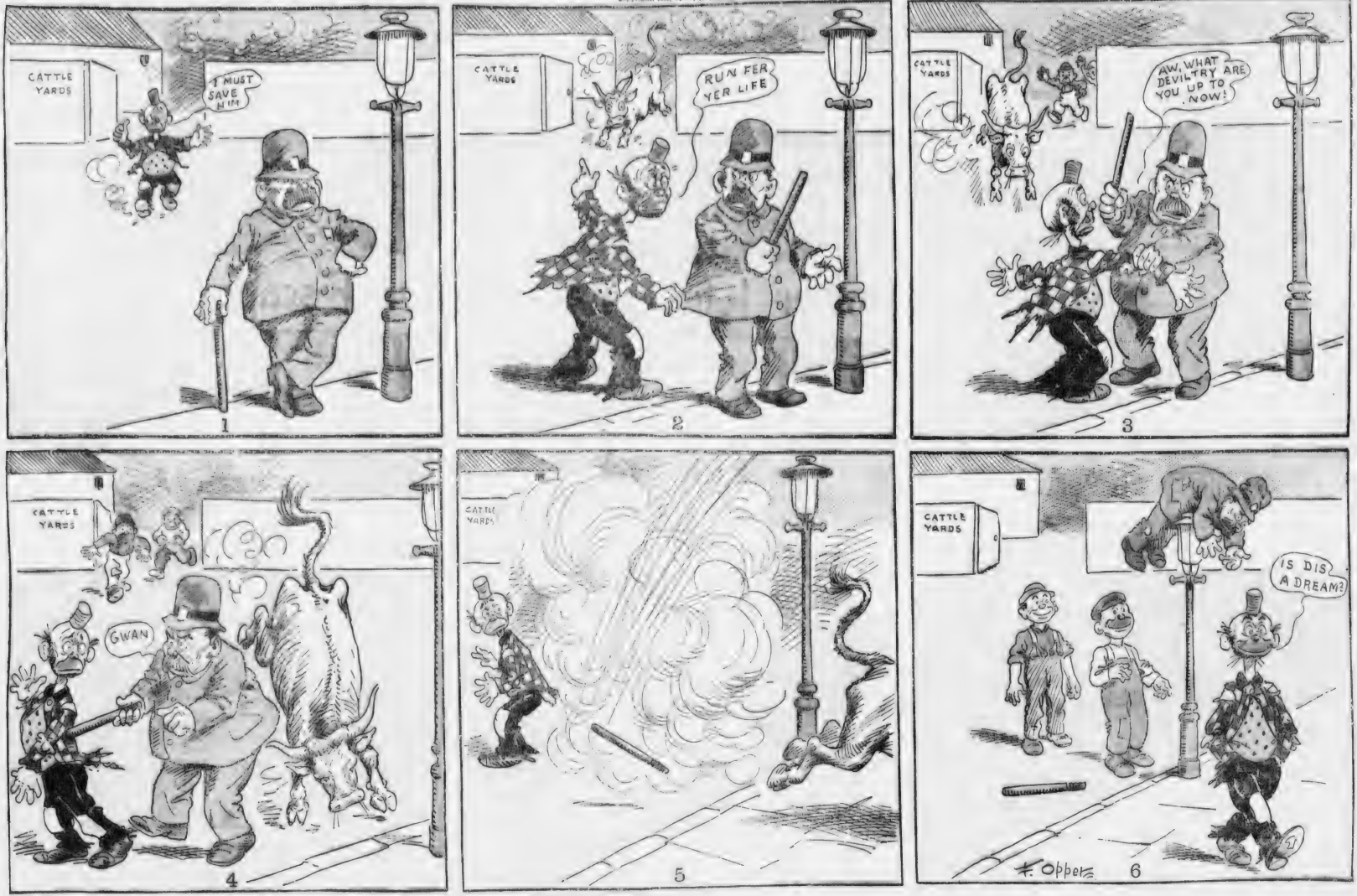

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He Strikes Good Luck at Last.

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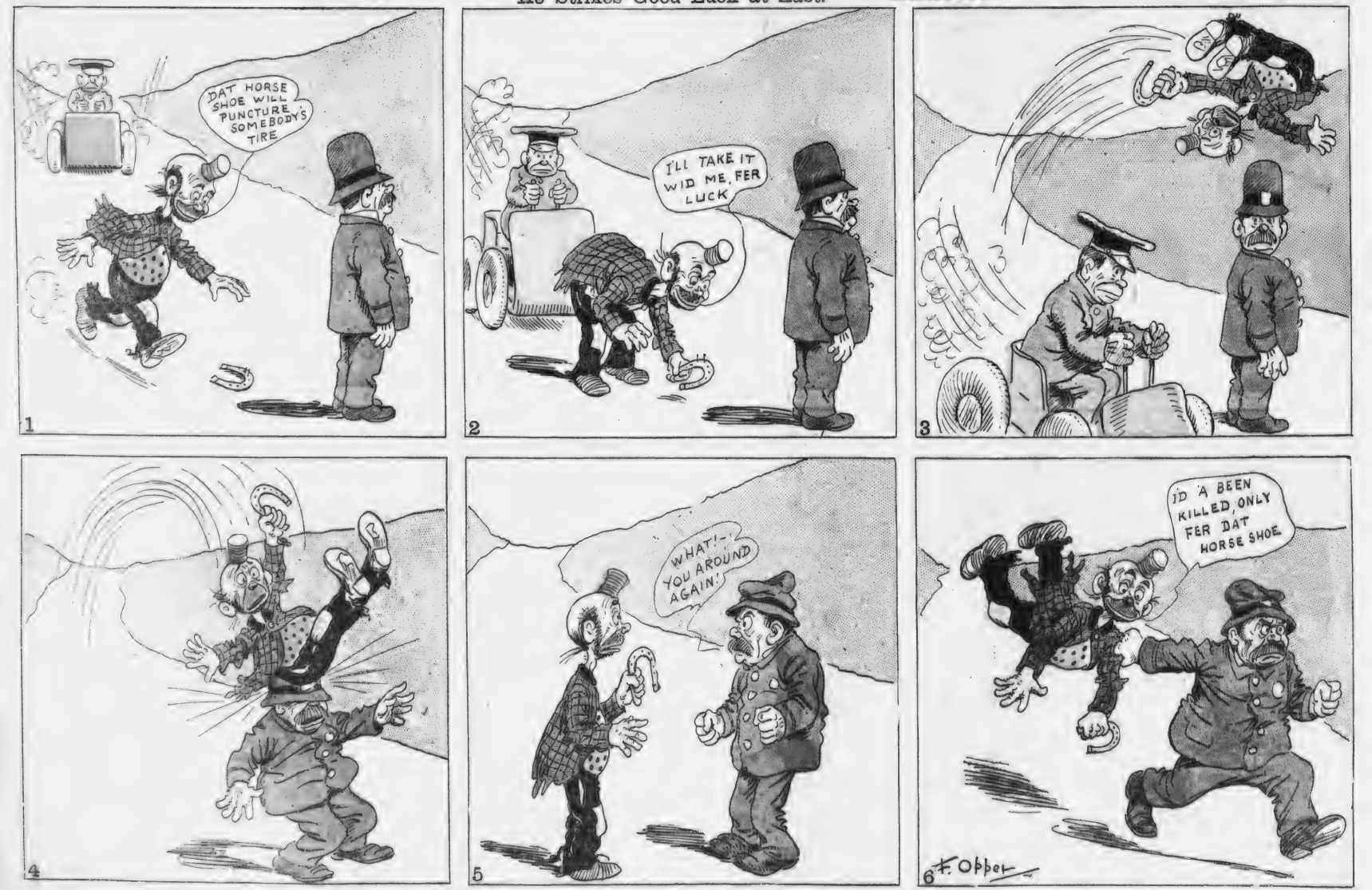

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NOVEMBER 17th 1901.
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The Doings of Happy Hooligan.

It Was Only the Smoke from a Messenger Boy's Cigarette, But oh, the Trouble It Caused Poor Hooligan!

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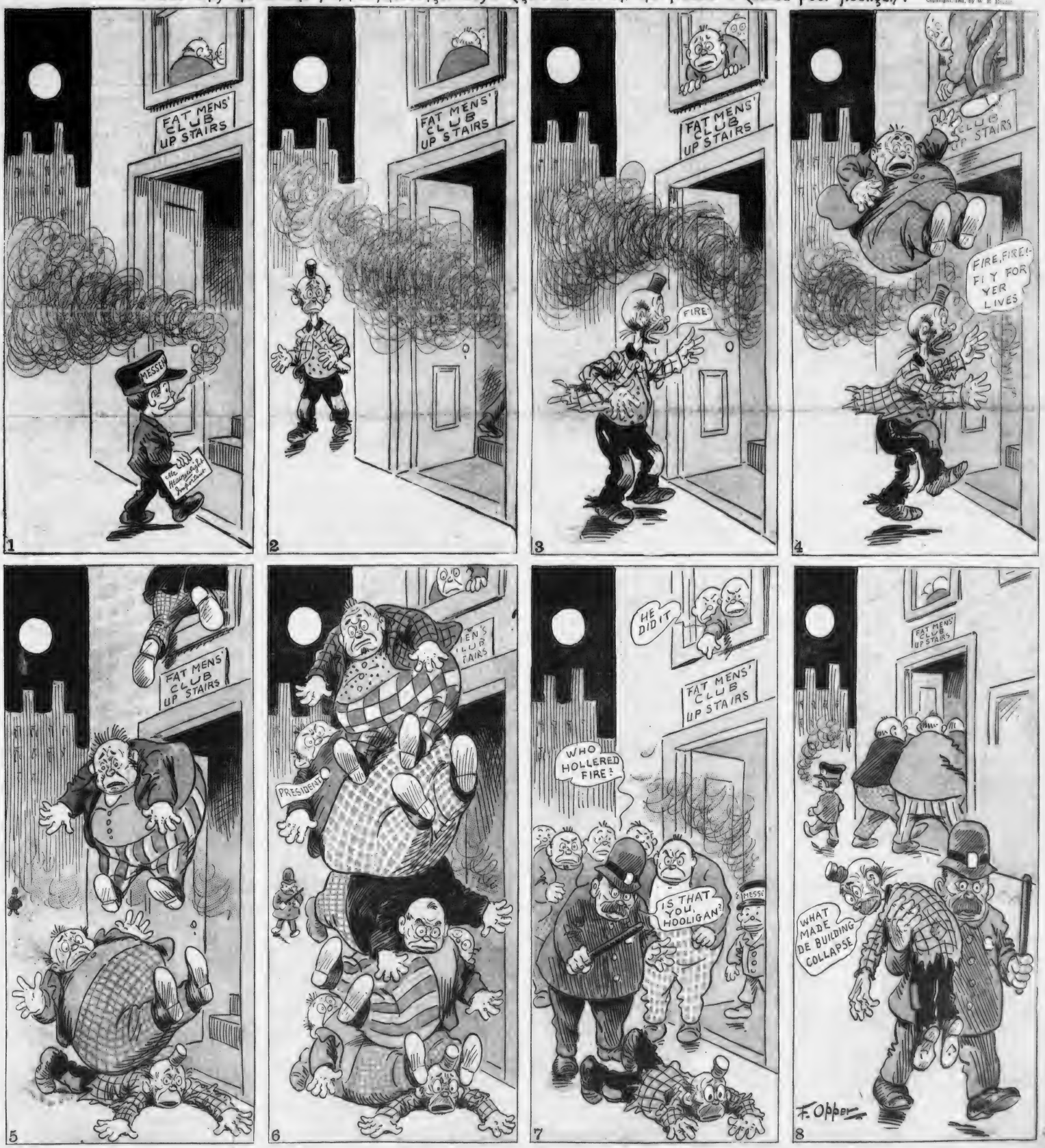

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His Hard Luck Still Shows No Sign of Letting Up.

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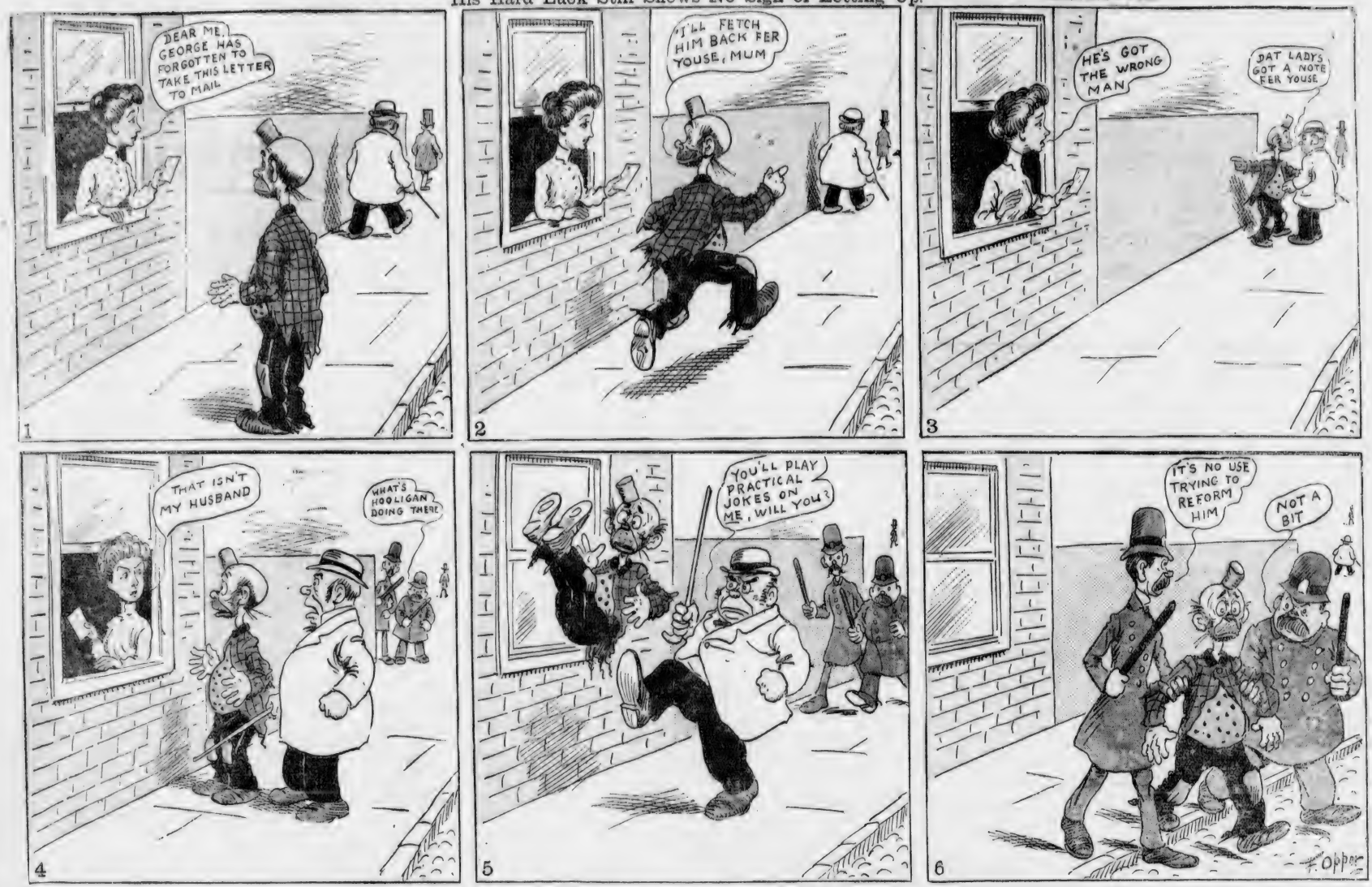
DEAR ME, GEORGE HAS FORGOTTEN TO TAKE THIS LETTER TO MAIL
1
I'LL FETCH HIM BACK FER YOUSE, MUM
2
HE'S GOT THE WRONG MAN
DAT LADY'S GOT A NOTE FER YOUSE
3
THAT ISN'T MY HUSBAND
WHAT'S HOOLIGAN DOING THERE
4
YOU'LL PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES ON ME, WILL YOU?
5
IT'S NO USE TRYING TO REFORM HIM
NOT A BIT
6
F. Opper

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

Has His Hard Luck Taken a Vacation? No, It's Working Yet.

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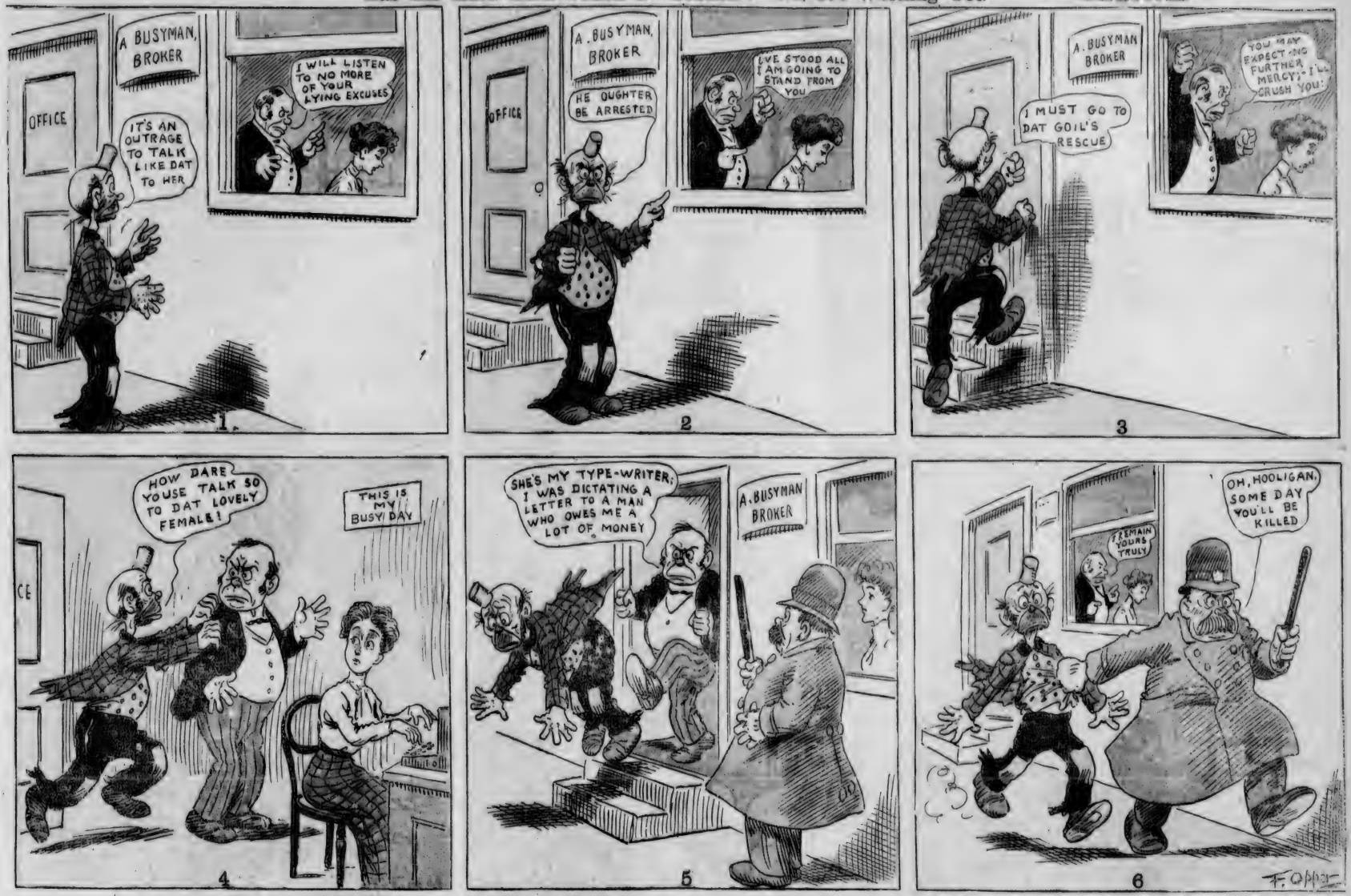
A BUSYMAN, BROKER
OFFICE
IT'S AN OUTRAGE TO TALK LIKE DAT TO HER
I WILL LISTEN TO NO MORE OF YOUR LYING EXCUSES
1
A. BUSYMAN, BROKER
HE OUGHTER BE ARRESTED
I'VE STOOD ALL I AM GOING TO STAND FROM YOU
2
A. BUSYMAN BROKER
I MUST GO TO DAT GOIL'S RESCUE
YOU MAY EXPECT NO FURTHER MERCY; I'LL CRUSH YOU!
3
HOW DARE YOUSE TALK SO TO DAT LOVELY FEMALE!
THIS IS MY BUSY DAY
4
SHE'S MY TYPE-WRITER; I WAS DICTATING A LETTER TO A MAN WHO OWES ME A LOT OF MONEY
A. BUSYMAN BROKER
5
I REMAIN YOURS TRULY
OH, HOOLIGAN, SOME DAY YOU'LL BE KILLED
6

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN.

Upon the Hill the Wind Was Chill.
And His Hard, Hard Cuok Was With Him Still.

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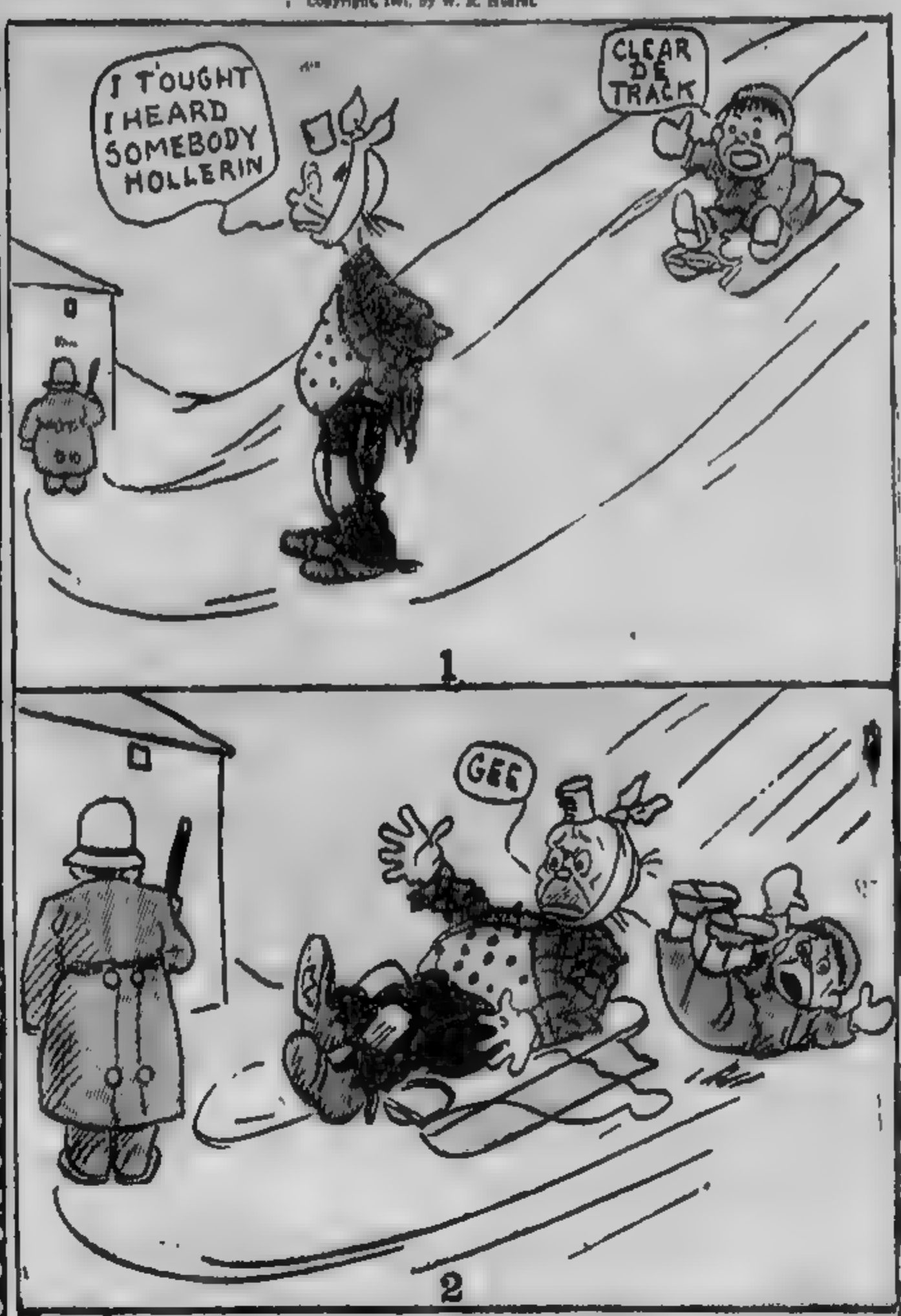

THE DOINGS OF HAPPY HOOLIGAN

No the Boys Didn't Hit Him, but the Cop Did

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Happy Hooligan Understood Poifectly!

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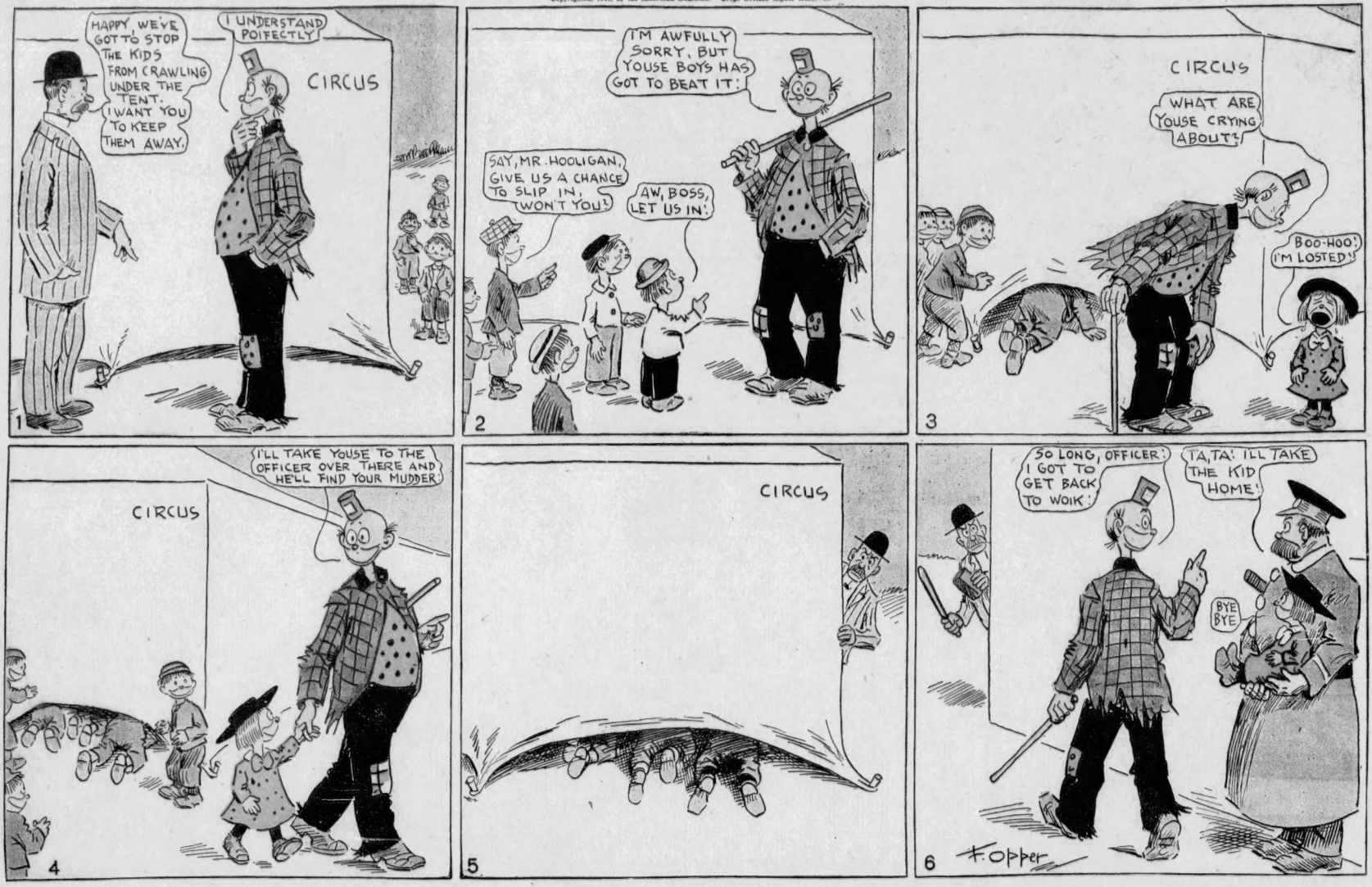
HAPPY WE'VE GOT TO STOP THE KIDS FROM CRAWLING UNDER THE TENT. I WANT YOU TO KEEP THEM AWAY.
I UNDERSTAND POIFECTLY
CIRCUS
1
I'M AWFULLY SORRY, BUT YOUSE BOYS HAS GOT TO BEAT IT:
SAY, MR. HOOLIGAN, GIVE US A CHANCE TO SLIP IN, WON'T YOU?
AW, BOSS, LET US IN:
2
CIRCUS
WHAT ARE YOUSE CRYING ABOUT?
BOO-HOO: I'M LOSTED!
3
I'LL TAKE YOUSE TO THE OFFICER OVER THERE AND HE'LL FIND YOUR MUDDER:
CIRCUS
4
CIRCUS
5
SO LONG, OFFICER: I GOT TO GET BACK TO WOIK:
TA, TA: I'LL TAKE THE KID HOME!
BYE BYE
F. Opper
6

The Turn-Verein Was Just Up the Street!

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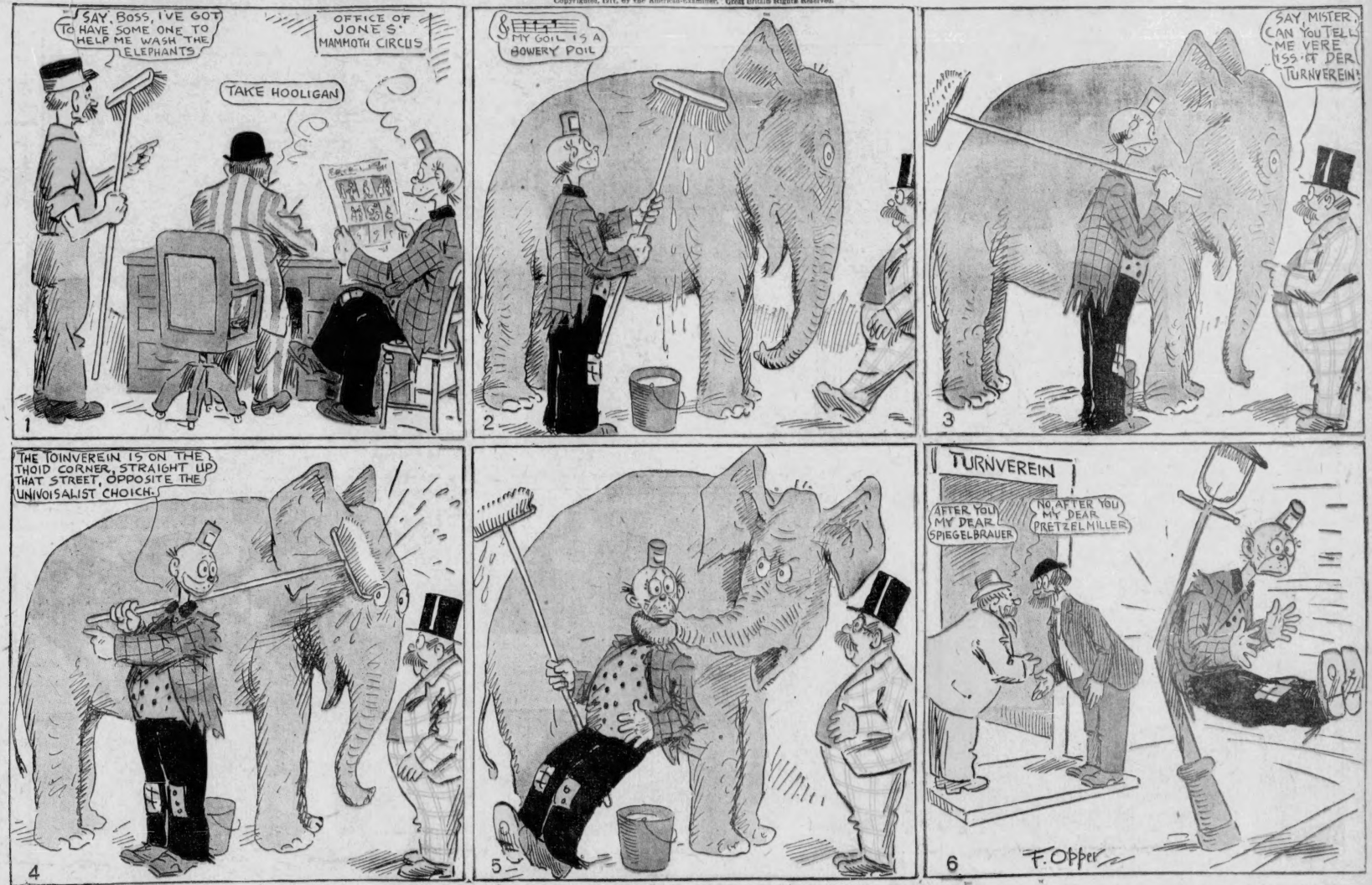
SAY, BOSS, I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME ONE TO HELP ME WASH THE ELEPHANTS
OFFICE OF JONES' MAMMOTH CIRCUS
TAKE HOOLIGAN
1
MY GOIL IS A BOWERY POIL
2
SAY, MISTER, CAN YOU TELL ME VERE ISS IT DER TURNVEREIN?
3
THE TOINVEREIN IS ON THE THOID CORNER, STRAIGHT UP THAT STREET, OPPOSITE THE UNIVOISALIST CHOICH.
4
5
TURNVEREIN
AFTER YOU MY DEAR SPIEGELBRAUER
NO, AFTER YOU MY DEAR PRETZELMILLER
6
F. Opper

Happy Hooligan Is a Grand Helper!

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I JUST FIRED MY HELPER. GOT ANY-BODY TO HOLD THE POLE FOR ME?
OFFICE OF JONES' MAMMOTH CIRCUS
HAPPY, ON THE LEVEL, NOW, DO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO HOLD A POLE STEADY FOR FIVE MINUTES?
WHY, SOITNLY! THAT'S THE EASIEST THING I EVER HOID OF!
1
LADEES AND GENTULLMEN, GIVE ME YOUR ATTENTION!
OO-H SEE-
UNCLE
HAPPY
2
BEHOLD WHIRLINO, THE HUMAN PIN-WHEEL!
YOUSE MUSTN'T DISTOIB ME!
I DROPPED ME POGRAM!
3
THE HUMAN FLY, THE HUMAN SPIDER, THE HUMAN MARVEL! OBSERVE HIS WONDERFUL AGILITY.
4
NOTE HIS SUPERB GRACE AND EASE!
YOUSE KIDS MAKE ME TIRED!
TANKS
5
IS YOUR UNCLE HAPPY AT HOME?
HE'S HOME, BUT-
HE DON'T FEEL GOOD
HE GOT A BLACK EYE
F. Opper
6

Happy Hooligan

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MR. DOUGH, HAPPY JUST 'PHONED ME THAT HIS UNCLE JAKE IS VERY WEAK! I'M GOING AROUND THERE! WON'T YOU COME ALONG? I'M AFRAID IT'S ALL UP WITH JAKE!
CERTAINLY, SI, I'LL GO WITH YOU!

IN THE MEAN TIME
MY HEAD! MY HEAD!
UNCLE JAKE, YOUSE MUST TAKE SOME NOURISHMENT! I'LL GET YOUSE SOME STEWED PRUNES AND A CUP OF COFFEE!